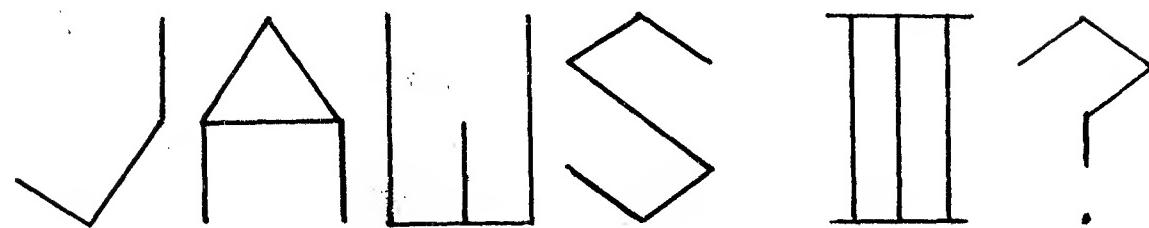
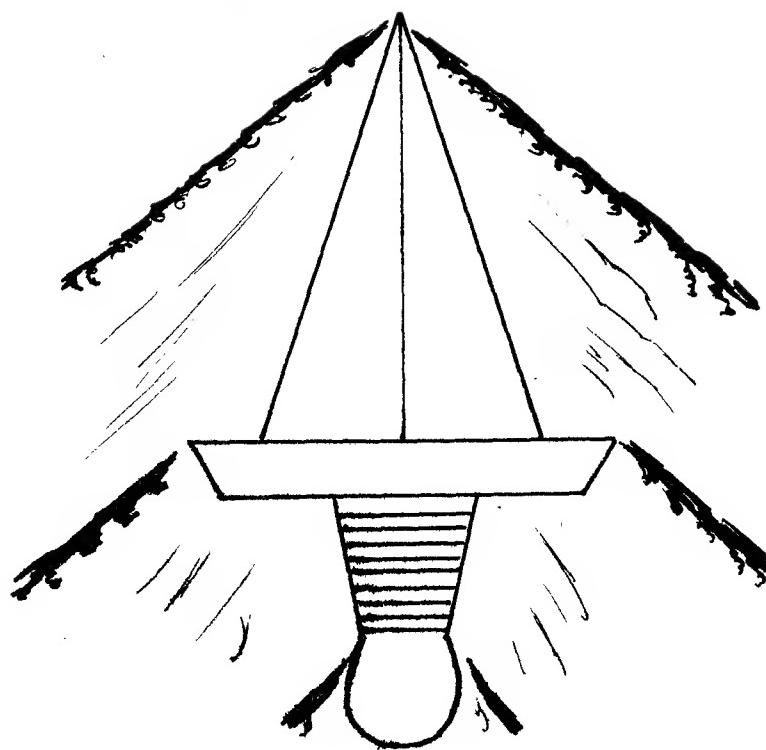
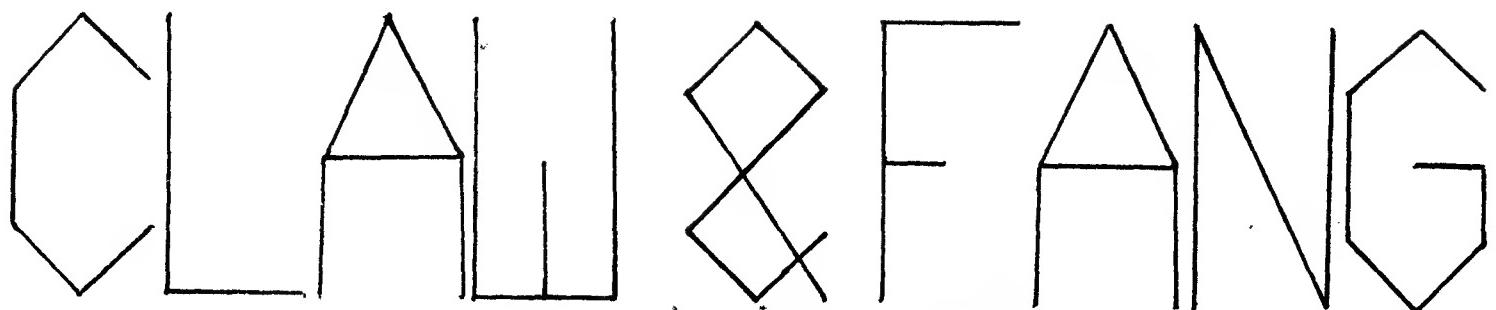


ANOTHER BITING LOGOUT OF

July 10, 1979
Number 104



Published monthly by Don Horton, 16 Jordan Ct., Sacramento, CA 95826. Telephone: (916) 383-4848. Roving correspondent is Mike (Smacko) McMillie—who also did the cover before he started roving. Subscription rate is 12 issues for \$5.00. Game fee is \$3.00 plus a subscription. Then there is the SIX DOLLAR SPECIAL which is 1 game plus 8 issues for six dollars. There are game openings. Articles, recipes, puzzles, letters are solicited from the readers. Payment is one issue for each published $\frac{1}{4}$ page of material.

THE BOX SCORE

During the past month in C&F:

Games started	2
Games finished	1
Games in progress	30

This issue of CLAW & FANG is dedicated to Dr. Sherman A. Thomas. Dr. Thomas got a birdie on the 17th hole of the Congressional Country Club in Bethesda, Maryland. The birdie in this case was a Canadian goose. The problem is that there is a dispute on just how Dr. Thomas got his birdie. He alleges that he killed it with his putter because it was dying from having been hit by a golf ball. However, witnesses claim he clubbed it to death in a fit of rage; the goose having honked when he was putting causing him to miss the putt. At any rate, I believe they are charging him with killing a goose with the wrong club.

THE FORUM

A Suggested New Topic

A vexing and recurring problem is a player requesting separation of the Winter and Spring seasons after the GM has called for combined seasons. Ideally, of course, all seasons would be separate at all times (including Summer and Autumn). Practically, however, the seasons are usually combined to keep the game from dragging on into the next millennium.. No matter how well motivated, a player's request for a separation of seasons has more than one adverse effect. Of course, it slows down the game, usually at the displeasure of the rest of the players. Secondly, unless the GM goes to the time and expense of notifying the other players that he has granted a request for separation, the other players won't find out about it until after the deadline (in other words, when they receive the zine). I feel that when a deadline passes a player has the right to assume his orders are final and any statements he may make to other players are not subject to their being able to resubmit Spring orders.

On the other hand, a player may feel that things are just too complicated for him to submit Autumn, Winter, and Spring orders. He may well be justified in his request.

In an effort to be fair to everyone, I am proposing a new houserule:

"Autumn, Winter, and Spring seasons will be combined after 1901 unless there are more than four retreats and/or removals in which case the Autumn and Winter will be separate from Spring.(Removals of an eliminated country or of a country in C.D. would not count.)"

I would like your comments on this for publication in THE FORUM.

Another Subject

JOHN ZIPPER: Being a standby is tough as he must guess and can't write to anyone. Has a blind Dip game ever been played with no one writing? It might be fun and would sure be fast as far as time spent.



IT'S DINKICON TIME AGAIN

Dinkicon VI will be on Saturday (not Sunday as in the past) August 11 at 9:00 a.m. at Holmby Park in West Los Angeles (the usual place). There will be the usual Master's Game and Bruce Schlickbernd will bring his Machiavelli game. ("If you know how to play Diplomacy you know how to play Machiavelli.") Since Bruce is Machiavelli Numbers Custodian he figures its time he played a game of it. There will be a break for lunch. Bring your own or there are some places nearby. For further information contact Bruce at 7121 21st St., Apt 13, Westminster, CA 92683. Telephone (714) 892-1934. Sorry, but I won't be able to be there this year.

Dipcon 79 is now history. Two C&F readers attended their first Dipcon this year and lived to tell about it. Here are their stories.

A ROOKIE'S VIEW OF DIPCON

by Rollie Straten

Having played postal Dippy for a few years, I thought it would be interesting to play in a face-to-face Dippy tournament. So since Philadelphia is fairly close, I hopped into my 25 mpg Datsun with my wife and headed south.

A number of things became readily apparent. First, the attendees at Origins '79 were 99% male and by bringing my wife along I was in a definite minority. I had no idea that the wargaming hobby was so large and the tremendous number of creative and imaginative games that existed. I also found that the Dipcon was terribly disorganized, which was actually great, since I am sick and tired of every function being organized to the nth degree. This probably also explains why there are so many stabs in Dippy, none of the players seem to know what they are doing. However, Dippy players are just like everyone else and like to stand in line. As soon as John Boyer asked everyone to sign up, a line of at least 50 players formed immediately. However, the shrewd Dippy player that I am, I was able to sneak in line by asking if my name was on the player's list, which fortunately it was.

To the games: The rules under which we played were horrible. The basic problem was that it was an all or nothing scoring system. You received 60 points for first place and zero points for second place. If you tied for first place you split the points equally among all the players still in the game. The game ended after 1907 and if one player had 12 centers, he won. If one player had 13 and another 12, the 13 center player received all 60 points and everyone else including the 12 center player received 0. If no one reached 12 centers, the game was a tie among all the remaining players. Good, I have you confused so you know how I felt.

The winning strategy was to get a good ally and when you both reached about 8 centers, you flipped a coin. The loser of the flip would sacrifice all of his centers to his ally and protect him from the remaining players so that the ally would have at least 12 centers left at the end of O7.

My games were fairly straight forward, but very exciting for me as I really never have had the opportunity to play in a FTF game with good players. The first ended in a five way draw with me just preventing my former ally from getting 12 centers (we didn't flip). The second was a real lesson in diplomacy since I was in a game with three guys who had graduated from the same high school. I felt rather dumb afterward about being set up as I had been, but the fact that my opponents had known each other was a real good excuse for losing.

The final game started with a classic north south split, with Austria and Turkey eliminating Russia and coming after England and France who were having difficulty in wiping out Germany. Fortunately, the north got its act together and set up a classic St Pete to Spain stalemate line. Then Austria and Turkey decided to split and fight rather than just take a five way draw. Turkey immediately took 14 centers in O5 and by a tremendous four way effort we were able to push him back down to 11 centers and save the draw in O7.

All in all, I really enjoyed the tournament and despite the criticism I think John and Fred Davis did an excellent job in making it a successful tournament. P.S. I also saw Robert Sacks at the IDA meeting, but left before I could get mad at him.

A NOVICE GOES TO DIPCON

by Bruce Linsey

"Don't tell anyone that you're a novice," advised the inimitable Mark Berch, "and yet you'll probably get creamed anyway." It was with these words etched into my brain and a knot of apprehension in my gut that I arrived in Chester, Pennsylvania on Thursday, June 21 for what was to turn into one of the most thrilling weekends of my life.

Walking into a large room chock full of people playing every game under the sun I decided to content myself with watching the wargamers for the remainder of the [over]

already late evening. After all, I had never been able to find enough people to play a game of Diplomacy. Why should tonight be an exception? My decision lasted approximately thirty seconds, when out of the blue, like a voice straight from heaven came the words "Hey, you! Wanna play Diplomacy?"

[Nc-Bruce goes on to list the following Diplomatic accomplishments:

1. In his first face to face Diplomacy game ever, played France, was initially attacked by Germany and Italy, talked Italy into stabbing Germany and wound up in a 2-way draw with Russia. In other pick up games before the tournament got a two-way draw and a three-way draw.

2. Talked another player into letting him use his room for one night, and Bob Sergeant into putting him up the rest of the time.

3. Convinced a stubborn gas station attendant to relax his \$5.00 limit so Bruce could gas up for the return trip.

4. Lets it slip (gets found out?) that he is really a novice.

Then came Saturday and the Diplomacy tournament.....]

Despite my success in the pickup games, I was only an innocent surrounded by packs of wolves. The list of names of those in the tournament was enough to strike fear into the most intrepid, Sergeant, Kendter Sr., Kendter Jr., Crockett, McLendon! This was just a minute sampling of the people sitting there preparing to play. Among such personages, yours truly was as hopelessly lost as a noodle in a haystack!

This hopeless feeling was not helped at all when I failed to receive any builds in 1901 as Germany. This was a result of a misorder and an Italian stab into Munich. I managed to survive, however, by playing the bigger powers against one another in turn, and participated in a five-way draw. At the end, I had struggled up to seven centers.

In the second round, the game was a total disaster. I was Turkey firmly allied with Russia. I finished with 2 centers, Russia with one.

The final round found me in a game with Steve McLendon, a fact that I dreaded. However, it turned out that Steve, after a fast start, saw his England get ripped to shreds by Germany and France. I had a great alliance with Austria (I was Russia) until he stabbed me, one year before he was himself stabbed by a very clever Italian player. This one wound up a five-way draw, which was the most common outcome of the tournament, I think. Outright wins were very scarce, even though a player only needed twelve centers in 1907 to do it. I stayed around to watch the conclusion of the top board game. All in all, it was a grand introduction to a grand hobby.



YOU BE THE GAMEMASTER

A Season To Adjudicate by Robert Coan

19XX FALL 0X Who's In Belgium?

AUSTRIA: A Ser-Bud, A Tri S A Ser-Bud, A Ven-Tyr, F Gre S F Nap-Ion, A Rom-Nap, F Nap-Ion
ENGLAND: A Den S A Kie, A Kie S A Hol, A Hol S A Nwy-Bel, F Nth C A Nwy-Bel, A Nwy-Bel,

F Nwg-Nwy, F Ska-Swe

FRANCE: A Bel-Hol, A Ruh S A Bel-Hol, A Bur-Bel, F MAO-NAf, F Wes-Tun, F GoL-Tyr

GERMANY: A Mun-Kie, A Ber S A Mun-Kie, A Vic S A Bud, A Bud S TURISH A Bul-Ser

RUSSIA: F Swc-Nwy, F Bal-Den, A Mos-Sev, A Ukr S A Mos-Sev

TURKEY: A Sev S A Rum-Ukr, A Rum-Ukr, A Bul-Ser, F Aeg-Gre, F Ion S F Tyr-Nap, F Tun-Tyr, F Tyr-Nap

Also two small battles:

I. England: A Den S A Hol-Kie, A Hol-Kie, A Kie-Ber

Germany: A Ber S A Mun-Kic, A Mun-Kie

France: A Bel-Hol, A Ruh S A Bel-Hol, A Bur-Mun

II. Same as above except add: Russia: F Bal-Den

(answers next month)

R'lyeh 4.1

8 July 1979

GM: Eric Verheiden; 200 S. Azusa Ave., #2; Azusa, CA 91702
 Phone: (213) 334-3149

1979 EPV Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Spring 1901 No Time for Sergeants?

Austria (Sergeant): F Tri-Alb, A Bud-Ser, A Vie H
 England (Palter): F Lon-Nth, F Edi-Nwg, A Lpl-Yor
 France (Reese): F Bre-Mid, A Par-Pic, A Mar-Bur
 Germany (Bingle): F Kie-Hol, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Bur
 Italy (Ditter): F Nap-Ion, A Ven-Tyo, A Rom-Ven
 Russia (Cusack): F StPsc-Bot, F Sev-Bla, A War-Gal, A Mos-Ukr
 Turkey (Marley): F Ank-Con, A Con-Bul, A Smy-Ank

Fall 1901 orders due 7 August 1979. The phone deadline is always the night before the regular (mail) deadline.

COA Donald Bingle; Apt. 1R, 644 W. Barry; Chicago, IL 60657

Bernie Oaklyn; 13412 Brackley Terrace; Silver Spring, MD 20904 has volunteered to submit standby orders, as required. His orders will be used, if necessary, in addition to those of our regular standby, Arnold Vagts.

Scott Marley's new archives zine has appeared. It is entitled "Utopia, Ltd." and is available at a sub rate of \$3/ 12 issues (one year). Scott's address is 12682 Swidler Pl.; Santa Ana, CA 92705.

Press

Vienna: Decisions, decisions !

[For those of you that thought this game was going to be played without a Germany; see, you were wrong. I inadvertently left Don Bingle's name off the player list last time.]



1978 HK GM: Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024
 WINTER 1904

AUSTRIA (Berch): No change. Has: A Bud, A Gro, A Ser (3)

ENGLAND (Hendrix): No change. Has F Ska (1).

FRANCE (Stevens): Build F Bre, A Par, Has: F Bre, A Par, F Eng, F Lon, F Edi, A Bur, A Bel, A Pic (8).

GERMANY (Carpenter): Disband F Den. Has: F Nth, A Wal, A Hol, A Ruh, A Mun (5).

ITALY (Price): Build F Nap. Has: F Nap, A Alb, F Ion, A Trl, A Vie, F Tyn (6).

RUSSIA (Hightower): No change. Has: A Ukr, F Bla, A Gal, A Swe, A Fin, A Boh, A Rum (7).

TURKEY (Shreve): No change. Has: F Aeg, F Con, F Ank, A Bul (4).

SPRING 1905 ORDERS ARE DUE ON August 5. Note: The GM already has tentative orders from Germany and Turkey

1978C | THE PRESS(?) GAME
GM: FANGMASTER

SUMMER 1907: Italy A Ven R Apu; Turkey F Con R Ank

FALL 1907: PRESS SHOWS NEW LIFE AS KAISERSHIP CHANGES HANDS. MEANWHILE, ITALY SUCCUMBS AND RUSSIA GROWS PALER.

AUSTRIA Watson (6): F Aeg-Smy*, A Tri-Tyro, A Ven* S FRE F Rom, A Gal* S A Ser-Rum*, A Con S F Aeg-Smy /d/ R(Bul,OTB)* CTRS: home, ser, bul, gre, RUM, SMY, VEN (9) build 3

FRANCE Schlickbernd (10): [Last season I missed listing F Mar-Lyon*] F Wal-Lon*,

F Rom* & F Ion* S F Tyrr-Nap*, F Eng*, F Lyo-Spa(sc)*, A Gas-Bur*, A Pic-Bel*, A Bel-Hol*, A Pie-Tyro CTRS: home, por, bel, spa, lon, lvp, rom, tun, HOL, NAP (12) build 2

GERMANY Reges David Loewenstern (8): F Bal-Both*, F Nth* S F Nwg-Nwy*, A Mun-Boh*, A Pru* S A War, A War* S A Lva-Mos, A Niel-Mun* Ctrs: home, den, hol, edi, swe, war, NWY (8) even

ITALY Reynolds (2): A Tus* H, A Apu* H CTRS: yes, nap (0) out

RUSSIA Fiack (5): F Bla* H (unordered), F StP(nc)* H, A Sev* S A Mos,

A Mos* & A Ukr* AUS A Gal-War NSO CTRS: sev, stp, mos, yes, gal (3) remove 2

TURKEY Baumeister (3) F Ank* S F Smy-Con*, A Arm* S F Ank CTRS: smy, con, ank (2) rmv 1

AUTUMN 1907, WINTER 1908, and SPRING 1908 due August 10. There has been a proposal for a FAR draw and for a FAG draw. Please vote on FAR FAGs. Thank you.

PRESS

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VIENNA: Hope you were asking Loewenstern to standby for Germany and not Austria.

SACRAMENTO: Fortunately he figured it out. (I hate people who mind every little word.)

PARIS: Banzai! Jihad! Valhalla!

SACRAMENTO: That doesn't sound French to me. Maybe somebody stuck a fork in his leg.

TUSCANY: It is time for courage to cease! Italy calls on all belligerents to hold. The summer is hot, and it is time to rest and make wine, not war.

SACRAMENTO: You did your part but as for the others.... Nobody ever listens to me, either.

BERLIN: David Lowenstern von Dolch has successfully overthrown the rule of Reges Scheisskopf. Lowenstern, who ran upon a platform of silliness in press, silliness in correspondance, but not silliness in troop movements won an astounding victory in the first democratic elections in United Germany's history. Lowenstern trounced Scheisskopf soundly, winning 90% of the vote (Scheisskopf himself casting the only dissenting vote).

Lowenstern's cabinet will be composed entirely from members of his Silly Party, and will include:

Hans Hundesson, a leading member of the Silly Party, who will ... the office of Secretary of War. His first act will be to drop propaganda pamphlets on Vienna and Moscow reading "FINK".

Frederik Uberschwein, and up-and-coming Silly whose appointment to the position of Secretary of State will probably be highlighted by insulting letters sent to the heads-of-state of Albania, Greece, Sweden, Thailand, and Iceland (Uberschwein is silly, not dumb).

And finally, Johann Strok-Strok-Gelt, a naturalized German (he used to be a member of the English Upper-Class Twit Club) who Lowenstern expects to appoint to the newly created Department of Silliness, where his main occupation will be to chase his secretaries and write idiotic press releases.

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Stolen from Herb Caen in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:

.....Quote of the Month honors to Sen. George McGovern for those words, uttered on ABC: "You can't talk detente out of one side of your mouth and wave the missiles and the rockets with the other side." Not without doing terrible damage to your bridgework.

7/10/79

O
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C T G A
H N ETTA

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MORE

Issue Five

July 8, 1979

COSTAGUANETTA is a sub-'zine of CLAW AND FANG. The former is published by Conrad F. von Metzke, P.O. Box 626, San Diego, CA 92112. Telephone (714) 276-2937 but not after 10 p.m. 'cos you'll wake the baby and then I'll disembowel you. The latter is published by Don Horton, 16 Jordan Court, Sacramento, CA 95826. Subscriptions to the latter are 12/\$5. The former comes as an integral part of the latter.

THE SECOND GAME is now filled. Inasmuch as one player is away on vacation for the month of July, we'll publish the game list next issue and get started. I hope everybody is still interested? I hope I can remember who "everybody" is?

DEAR DAVE SCOTT: It would be super to see you! Please, if you can, come down. Is Sheila coming? Do you want to use our spare room - it ain't much and the bed is a little short for you, but if you can stand the problems, we can stand letting you suffer them. Advise when you plan to show up....

BABY REPORT: Ah, what fickle fate! Here I was, all set to plant some more pansies in my garden on Sunday, June 17, and certain events of which you are soon to be apprised intervened.

10 p.m. We went to bed.

2:15 a.m. (Sunday): Jean awoke with mild internal wrenching and a slight leakage of amniotic fluid. She 'phoned the hospital. They said come on over.

2:45 a.m. Having packed some last-minute stuff and taken a shower, Jean awakened me.

3:10 a.m. I took a shower. Upon emerging, Jean advised that the contractions were getting rather sharp.

3:30 a.m. We departed the premises. Contractions severe, Jean scared.

3:50 a.m. Arrived at hospital. Jean in mortal agony. ("I don't want this baby." "AAAAAAGH!" "I'm not going to make it!" Fortunately, Jean was slightly calmer.)

4:00 a.m. Checked in. Dilation measurement 4 cm. I went down to the admissions office to do the paperwork.

4:05 a.m. Arrived admissions office. All paperwork discovered lost. Spent twenty minutes redoing it.

4:30 a.m. Returned to labor room. Jean sitting on toilet claiming she had to move the ol' bowels. Completely misunderstanding the meaning of this, I did not call the nurse.

4:35 a.m. Nurse came anyway. Dilation 10 cm. Pushing began.

4:50 a.m. Pushing having rapid effect; Jean transferred to delivery room. Conrad followed dutifully.

5:06 a.m. Doctor holds up prune-like, bluish, flailing creature covered in blood. Two quick passes with the mouth syringe and the most ungodly wailing begins. Announcement of "It's a boy!" slightly late for me at least, as I'd noticed the fact a moment sooner. Jean repeats (for the seven trillionth time in thirty minutes), "I don't believe it." Nurse asks, "Is that all she knows how to say?" Jean replies, "I don't believe it."

5:08 a.m. Nurse asks his name. We reply, "Ross William von Metzke." Baby shrieks even louder.

And shortly thereafter the statistics come back to us: 8 lbs. 3 oz., 21", utterly and completely healthy. The first two items are no longer true; the third still is. Frankly, I'd say we got very lucky.

And so now I have the unutterable joy of sitting at this typewriter clickling the keys with one finger, because the other one that I used to use is holding the pacifier in Furd-Face's mouth. (He's also known as Twerplet and several other idiotic things.)

Whoopee doo ding dong.

Oh, he's very intelligent too. Already he has informed me that he hates Diplomacy, likes acid rock, plans to register Republican and wants to become a Catholic priest. \$4.95 or best offer takes him....

THE GAME - Winter 1902

Bernie Oaklyn takes over France - 'bye Ted. However, Bernie will be out of the country through about August 5, so the next move will be played by Bernie's designee: Craig Reges, 16 W. 761 White Pines Rd., Bensenville, IL 60101. And Bernie also asks that I print his (unlisted) 'phone number: (301) 384-0262 or -0263. Welcome aboard, amigo - and you too, Craig, at least for the moment. See Page One of this rag for my 'phone, Bernie.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Until ca. Aug. 20: David Forte, c/o John Forte, 16 Baird Way, Centerville, MA 02632.

DA BUILDS:

AUSTRIA (Eric Ozog): Builds a tri. Has: a's bud, bul, ser, tri; f's ion, gre (6).

ENGLAND (Dave Forte): Builds f's lon, lvp. Has: a den; f's lon, lvp, nth, kie, nwy (6).

FRANCE (Bernie Oaklyn): Builds f mar. Has: a's bel, ~~min~~ spa, par, pic; f's mar, mid (6).

GERMANY (Bruce Schlickbernd): Removes f hel. Has: a's hol, ber, kie (3).

ITALY (Jim Willemsen): Has: a's ven, pie; f's lyo, wes (4).

RUSSIA (Ben Schilling): Builds a war. Has: a's sill, mos, war; f's swe, rum (5).

TURKEY (Dave Scott): Has: a's sev, con' f's aeg, bla (4).

Spring 1903 moves are due SUNDAY - no, we hadn't better do that - okay, MONEY, August 6, 1979.

JAMUL TO JAMUL: The real Jamul is a province in the Eastern Valgorian sub-continent of Rumpletitswickle (alternately known as Slobbovia). The "Jamul" that the editor mentions is just as fictional as himself (see POICTESME #8).

JAMUL TO JAMUL (this could get difficult, folks): I suggest that you are a bloody liar. I, and only I, am Jamul. And I can prove it: I, and only I, can answer the following questions about Jamul:

1. After the fire of '71, what amateur billboard appeared in the town?
2. As of 7-10-79, what was the price of cheddar cheese at the store?
3. When Lawson Valley Road branches off of Lyons Valley Road, does it bear right or left?
4. What is $2 + 2$?

I've
had
enough
for
one
night.

Addio.

TRAVELLER #IV by Eric Ozog

The Story:

Bay #14. A number of impatient people are waiting at the Exeter II for Mr. Fesarius and his wife...

"I'd like to know what is going on," said Elliot to the FUSS officials.

"We wants Grok," said one official. "There's a warrent for her arrest," said a second. They walked down the passage to Bay 14.

"You bumbling FUSS men must be pretty scared if you're bringing along a small army to take her away," laughed Shanna.

"That's enough out of you, little miss," said the officer.

"I don't think so," rebuffed Shanna, "Elliot, will you tell these creeps to lay off? Interplanetary law 16J states..."

"We know the law. Grok is dangerous, and if you open your trap again I'm gonna..." said the second officer.

"Now, now, enough," said Elliot, "we're civil and progressed aren't we? Miss Grok is one of my crew and..."

"Cut the crap, Elliot Love," interrupted Shanna, "Civilized? I doubt it. If you look over our recent history you'll find..."

They continued arguing all the way to the berthing area.

"Thank God he didn't leave yet!" said a huffing and puffing Barry Crockett. Agatha Schwartzburger (when) was right behind him. They had decided to come at the last minute. They said the FUSS had held them back, asking about a certain Minna Grok. Barry then saw and recognized her and said "Hey, they're looking for you lady...say, what's wrong with you?" He pointed at her seeing her blank expression. She had gone into a trance. At that moment, everyone went into a trance as if turned to stone.

The FUSS men, Elliot, and Shanna entered Bay 14. "Holy hell!" said the FUSS officer. "Saint preserve us!" said the second. Everyone was still. The official FUSS clock on the wall stopped....Barry Crockett's arm was raised, his stiffened finger pointed accusingly at Lasheema Chiquella. Leo Loskenion stood still with a cigarette in his frozen mouth, waiting to be lit from the Bic butane in his hand.

The FUSS officers saw Minna Grok sitting in a chair. "There she is. Let's get her and get out of here. I'm spooked." Minna/Lashcema was handcuffed and led out by the two officers. She didn't resist or call out for her rights.

Elliot waved his hand and snapped his fingers in front of his wife's angry face. Why was this way and he was not? Oh well, at least she had shut up.

The FUSS men were gone. Minna/Lasheema was gone. Lasheema/Minna awoke. Time was turned back. The rest awoke, their buzzing conversations going on as if nothing had happened. The clock began to move.

"....they're looking for you lady," repeated Barry...say, what's wrong with you."

The body/soul inversion had reversed itself. She was now Minna Grok again. Lasheema was in an official FUSS jail cell being question.

'Right now, they are pretty damned surprised,' she thought. What she said was, "Nothing is wrong, nothing at all."

The passengers boarded the starship. "Guess Lasheema took off," said Leo. "Hey Fesarius, when do we eat?"

The Exeter II silently left the starport. Her Interplanetary Engines were electromagnetic, there was no gravitational drag on the passengers. Once out of the system, Elliot would hook in the space warp, and set a course for Randia.

Troniphia was a silent, misty blue ornament, hung in the velvet-black fabric of space.

(to be continued)

Dave Forte is sending the results of the Winner's Game directly to the players again. These will be reprinted in C&F at a future time.

A Centennial Contribution:

DIPLOMACY, ETHICS AND LIFE

by Sheldon Kahan

A lot has been written about Diplomacy, ethics, and life, and judging by what has been written I think it's safe to say that a lot of people understand life, some people understand ethics, but virtually no one understands Diplomacy. So I intend to change all that. By the end of this article, everyone will understand Diplomacy, have a slightly less firm grip on ethics, and totally misunderstand life which is really the proper ratio and perspective for a reader of this magazine.

Life. What is life? Life is ... a game, of course. The board is slightly larger than a Diplomacy board in that it includes the whole of the planet and it's 3-D but that's about the extent of the difference. One attempts to survive against known obstacles and plays according to certain agreed upon rules and really shouldn't be taken any more seriously than one would take, say, a game of Dominoes, Black Jack, or Strip Poker. Then again it shouldn't be taken any less seriously than the Super Bowl, the World Series, or the Calaveras Frog Jumping Competition.

Ethics refers to the degree to which a person adheres to the rules of the game he is playing. If it is agreed that cross game alliances are not allowed (and who's kidding who on this point? The only way to combat a C.G.A. is to sign up as a standby or enter a few more games), and a person indulges in this insidious practice, than that person could be considered "unethical". Or, if a person playing England were to place a rattlesnake in the mailbox of the person playing Russia with a note saying, "Regards from Turkey", well, that would definitely be considered unethical but only in that he violated the initial agreement that he was England (I understand Synanon has a large postal Diplomacy gamezine). Now, if he had written "Regards from England", then the action would be entirely ethical and even a good idea because who knows, the guy may be in the hospital for two weeks or more (if he survives) and consequently there would be an NIR. Solid tactics and ethical!

Finally, we come to Diplomacy. Diplomacy has been referred to as the Sacred Cow of the Western World and rightly so. The important thing to remember in Diplomacy is that one should never do anything in Diplomacy that one wouldn't do in real life. If you wouldn't crush an entire population and annihilate thousands of innocent people in real life (that is in the game of life, remember?) then you have no business doing that in Diplomacy. I'd like to especially point out this axiom to the players opposing me in the games I'm currently playing in. On the other hand, one should be loyal and true and courageous with your allies. I would like to draw the attention of all my allies to this axiom (opponents may ignore it). After all, in Diplomacy you can afford to be noble, to abide by principles, to fight to the finish and to defend your allies (especially me). After all, you can only lose bits of wood but you can gain respect and honor! And, after the Third World War has demolished all life forms as we know them and you're up for Judgment in the heavenly courts being confronted with all the terrible things you've done, you can point to that yellowed scorched letter from the player everyone else stabbed (but you defended) and say "I helped one man!"

That just may be the one item to top the balance in your favor. So, my friends, be true to your school and your allies, and if there are any questions please direct them to my warden and he will forward them to me.

Who said there's not much press in the

Press Game? See page 6 of

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